

ALICE. THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER

BY CAPTAIN JACK (RAWFORD

Wiste Alter Ang

CORT CRAIG, in

New Mexico.

stands upon a high mesa, or

piece of table land, overlook-ing the historic

valley of the Rio Grande.

The view from the fort is

wildly pictur-esque. The long stretch of river,

grass - carpeted valley dotted

with groves of cotton wood trees, the low

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION.

adobe houses of the Mexican ranch-

eros, the great black bowlders and monuments of lava rock across the

stream, set in beds of mesquite bushes stream, set in beds of mesquite busnes and cactus, far away to the castward the bold towering peaks of the San Andreas and Oscura ranges, to the southward the Fra Cristobel and to the

vestward the Magdalena and the San

Mateo ranges of mountains, all con-tribute to a picture so fascinating in its rugged grandeur and beauty that it

would seem as mockery for the most gifted artist to presume to transfer its

details to canvas. All of the buildings of this remote border garrison were built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks of Mexican manu-

or sub-dried orders of interfeat many facture, officers' quarters, barracks for the enlisted men, storehouses, stables, etc., being but one story in height. Around the post ran a line of earth-works thrown up during the civil war when Indian and confederate foe alike corrected its possession. The buildings

eted its possession. The buildings med a hollow square around a level rade ground some twenty acres in

stent, and in the center during the

occupancy of the fort stood a tall flag-staff from the top of which, every day

in the year from sunrise to sunset gun, the stars and stripes floated proudly in

At the time of which I write the fort was garrisoned by four troops of cav-abry, two companies of infantry and a battery of light artillery. The com-manding officer, Col. Elmore Sanford,

manding officer, Col. Elmore Sanford, was a dignified, gruff old veteran who had grown gray in the service of his country, a strict disciplinarian who ex-acted with unflinching severity the performance of every duty from of-ficers and men alike with promptness and precision. Every infraction of mil-itary rules met with swift punishment, whether the offender wore the gold-

whether the offender wore the gold-laced uniform of the officer or the plain garb of the private soldier. He pos-

essed a volcanic temper, at times,

when angered, storming and swearing like a madman, then as quickly subsid-ing into his usual state of icy dignity.

Those most familiar with his moods net these fitual outbursts of passion

with no thought of resentment, for

the semi-tropical breezes.

CHT 1894. BY THE AUTHON

DON'T Want A Wheel?

Make you weak and weary, unit for work, indisposed to exertion. They show that your nerve strength is gone and that your nervous system needs building up. The

parilla

und. refresh

Cures

00000

and only Hood's.

EISOLD OHLY IN E

ABEAUTIFUL GARD

MANY FINE PREMIUMS GIVEN FREE TO DRINKERS OF LION COFFEE

It is unnecessary

to bore you with the

advertisement of our

largest stock, best

business.etc. You

know we have that.

The important an-

We will Positively save

you Money on you

are resplendent with

the new est patterns.

ALAND,

^AN_DD.

A business that keeps growing through a season of depression, such as the country

TAILOR.

Our stock tables

nouncement is,

Fall Clothes.

See them.

biggest

facilities,

Hood's Sarsa-

true remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood,

ing sleep. Get H

Hood's Fills

Just as good time now, as any, to think of buying, to compare prices and merits. We pin our best faith to the CLEVELAND and the PHOENIX.

A wheel should be

Easy Running, Fine Looking

VOLXXXI



We have them now and will have in the Spring. J.E.FORSYTHE.

N-O-W FOR NOVEMBER!

In order to greet this winter opening month in a manner befitting its importance to the Dry Goods trade, we propose to make some prices that will warm the very cockles of the popular heart. We are better enabled to do this because just now in the great textile markets of the world, concessions are the order of the day Nobody is in better condition to take advantage of these than our

selves, and what we get-We Divide With You.

	March Contractor		lue Cloth	yalue.	40.
	25c-36-inch	Twilled E	Blue Cloth	price.	. 50
	35c-45-inch	All-Wool	Blue Serge		65.
	50c-46-inch		Blue Serge	**	65.
	50c-48 iuch		Noveity	"	\$1.00
	75c-54-inch	"	Novelty Cloth	"	1.00
	75	All-Silk	Henriettas	"	1 2
-	00_34 inch	All-Wool	Covert Cloth		65

laid before you, you would find it a dark one. You must not allow your romantic little brain to picture him a prince in disguise. Come, dinner is waiting, and I am as hungry as a trooper after a hard day's scout. Attention squad! Right face! Forward, march! Gayly trilling the air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" she led the way with military step to the dining-room, the old colonel marching after her with the precision of other days.

CHAPTER II.

The soldier artist resumed his seat as Alice rode away, and sat and watched her until a bend in the trail hid her from his eyes. He had often seen the young girl at a distance and had adproach, so deeply interested was he in his work, and she reined in her pony a few yards distant from where he sat to mired her graceful figure and light, springy step, but had never before had an opportunity to closely observe her ORT CRAIG, in the territory of New Mexico. face. As she sat on her pony bowed over his sketch he had studied her features, and he thought he had never face. reatures, and ne thought he had hever seen so beautiful a girl. Her sunny disposition flashed softly from her laughing blue eyes, and the lingering echoes of her low, sweet voice re-sounded in his ears in pleasing melody long after she had gone. There was a marked stir in the so-iel size of the convision when an with a frank, honest face, neat and tidy in dress, and wearing an air of in-

cial circles of the garrison when an official communication from the war



tellectual refinement which seemed sadly out of place in one whose lot was cast among the rough soldiers of the ranks. It must be remembered that I write of the days just following the close of our great civil war, when the ranks of the regular army on the frontier were made up of rough, illiter-ate men largely fished from the slums of the eastern cities, many of them having fled to the west and buried themselves in the army under assumed department to the co advised him that Mr. Alfred Talbott Vandever, a recent graduate from West Point, had been commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to B troop, Sixth cavalry, then stationed at Fort Craig. Lieut. Vandever was coming names to escape the consequences of crime. Alice Sanford had never dreamed under orders to report to Col. Sanford for duty.

the barracks of the private soldiers sheltered a man of artistic tastes, and the spectacle presented of a soldier and their families live in a little world of their own. The social circle at one wielding the pencil of the artist was to her a revelation. The soldier becoming aware of her of these remote garrisons may best be described as a military family, the members of which are drawn into close relationship by isolation from the presence glanced up from his work, and, noting that it was the daughter of the commanding officer who had apgreat busy world to the eastward. Within the limits of this circle the proached him, quickly arose to his feet, removed his cap and silently waited for her to address him should she destrongest ties of friendship are formed, and the frequent social parties which serve as oases to break the monotony sire to do so. "I am sorry I disturbed you," she in the desert of garrison life seem more as family gatherings than fashionable affairs. A brotherly and sisterly feel-ing exists among the officers and ladies whose lot is cast so far away from the borders of civilization, and when by "I am sorry I disturbed you," she said. "Will you permit me to look at the sketch you are malking?" "It is as yet far from complete," he quietly responded, "and I fear you may not be able to form an intelligent idea of what its appearance will be when the details are filled in. I began it but

that immovable decree, a military order, an officer is transferred to a dis tant post the departure of himself and family, if he be married, creates a break in the family circle which is as sincerely mourned as would be the de-parture for a far distant point of a parture for a far distant point of a member of a home circle in private life. The remaining members of a military family suffer a sense of bereavement which can scarcely be conceived by those not familiar with garrison life, and the departure of a member is as sincerely mourned as if bound to those to whom he bids an indefinite farewell by ties of blood. A prospective addition to the milita-

A prospective addition to the milita-ry family is always a matter of much comment. When the accession is to

at the post, announced a reception in honor of the new officer, and on the evening designated the parlor of the Colby quarters was well filled with officers and ladies. Lieut. Vandever was introduced to all, and was cordial-"Contempt, sir. Unmistakable

Vandever, the sergeant should have tried to hide his feelings. I wish to say to you, sir, that Sergt. Barrett

garrison. He proved to be a quite handsome young gentleman, and had brought with him a smile which had was a tried and true soldier when you were a puling infant in your mother's arms. I have known him for many years, and in all of his long and faith-ful service this is the first blot ever cast on his record. He is a man fitted no doubt played sad havoe with maid-enly hearts at the alma mater on the historic Hudson, yet beneath the sur-face there seemed to lurk an imperious, tyrannical, if not cruel nature, which by education and long service to fill a position above the one you now oc-cupy. Sergt. Barrett is a soldier who the smiling face could not entirely con-ceal. He was studiously polite in his demeanor toward the ladies and en-deavored to be a "hail fellow well cupy. Sergt. Barrett is a soldier who is not at all lacking in respect for his superiors in rank. Were I to meet him met" among the gentlemen, but a sort of repellant glance which at times shot from his eyes went far toward smothand receive and acknowledge his salute and on turning around he should sa-lute me again, I would think he had ering the warmth with which both gentlemen and ladies would have glad-

been drinking, sir, and would pardon his excessive manifestation of respect on that ground. I believe I have noth-Alice was at the party and was ex-quisitely lovely in her dress of purest white. She was the especial idol of the ladies of the garrison, and there was more than one dissatisfied look on the more matronly faces when it was obscured that Vandarar seemed to be ing more to say to you, sir, further than that your hasty order placing this man under arrest must be instantly reoked. Stung to the quick at this official re-buke, the lieutenant sought his quar-

observed that Vandever seemed to be ters. An order was at once sent to the non-commissioned officer annulling the verbal order of arrest, and directing him to report to the first sergeant of his troop for duty. Lieut. Vandever and Miss Sanford frequently met, and it did not take the

observed that Vandever seemed to be greatly smitten with her charming presence and grace of manner. He was devoted in his attentions to the fair girl, so much so, in fact, that his as-siduity really annoyed her, and to es-cape him she excused herself at the frequently met, and it did not take the young officer long to learn that any at-tention shown her outside the bounds of ordinary politeness and courtesy would be met with marked displeasure. He was really desperately in love with the beautiful girl, and did not despair ment consistent with politeearliest moment consistent with polite-ness and went to her home. The young officer evidently classed Alice in the same category with the frivolous young ladies without whose presence life at West Point would have

to him been unendurable. His vanity told him that while the girl with modof arousing in her heart a responsive emotion; but her attitude toward him told him all too plainly that he could est instinct treated him shyly at the told him all too plainly that he could never gain her favor through the me-dium of light flattery and gallant at-tention which had proved so effective in transitory love affairs at "The Point." He soon ceased to force his at-tentions upon her, and tried to be con-tent to wait and hope. He felt that his charm of manner was irresistible—doz-ens of girls had told him so in moon-light wanderings—and he did not doubt first meeting she could not long resist his charms, and would soon listen to his charms, and would soon listen to his protestations of alleged love as rapturously as a score of girls had done during his cadetship. Hence, at their every future meeting he aimed his every shaft of wit, eloquence, com-pliment and flattery at the citadel of here one heart and max wolly. Sur

her young heart, and was really sup-prised at her failure to open wide its gate and bid him enter as its conqueror. gate and bid him enter as its conqueror. She treated him with marked polite-ness at all times, yet in her heart wished that their meetings might be as the visits of angels in the olden

ly welcomed into the society of the

welcomed him.

adage. It was not long before it began to be whispered about that Lieut. Vandever was tyrannical and imperiously lordly in his treatment of the men who came under his supervision when he served as officer of the guard, and had been at times inculting in his relations with times insulting in his relations with the men of his own troop in the quarthe men of his own troop in the quar-ters. No complaints were made, how-ever, and the rumors were lightly treated until one day Sergt Barrett, an old trooper who had grown gray in the service, went to headquarters and asked for an interview with the com-manding officer. His request was promptly granted, for Col. Sanford was always accessible to the men under him. The old sergeant entered the office, and removing his cap and salut-ing the commander stood like a statue awaiting permission to speak. "What is it, sergeant?" the colonel

"Sir, I have been a soldier for more than twenty years, and this is the first time I have ever made a complaint. I

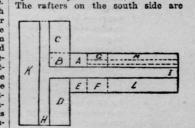


tempt." "Out of respect for your rank, Lieut.

PLAN FOR GREENHOUSE. ctions for Building and How to Arrange the Int

Arrange the Interior. The accompanying illustration shows the plan for a greenhouse which is cheap and gives a different temperature in the various parts of the house, yet is heated with only one fire. It really consists of two small greenhouses joined together as shown. greenhouses joined together as shown. The front part is ten feet wide and twenty-two feet long, and the rear part is eight feet wide and twentytwo feet long. I have used this green-house for two winters and it works admirably. I grow palms and hothouse plants in one section, and prim-roses, cinerarias and cool greenhouse plants in the other, and all thrive sat isfactorily. To build the house I dug in the ground two and a half feet, then set in oak posts eight feet long, sinking them three feet in the ground sinking them three feet in the ground. This left the walls five feet high, er-This left the walls involved the left high, ex-cept the south wall, which is only four feet high. This wall being low lets in plenty of sunshine. The framework is oak scantling two by three inches, and the walls are made of oak boards one inch thick. Then earth is banked up to the top of the wall, and sodded. The writter on the scouth side are

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GROUND PLAN OF GREENHOUSE

wood heating stove, for which I paid \$1.50. The legs are left off and it is set on bricks so as to place it low down, and over it is built the cutting bench,

the bottom of the bench being two feet from the top of the stove. A large pot of water is kept on the stove to maintain due moisture in the air. A

large piece of sheet-iron is placed be-tween the stove and the wall; another

piece is arranged so as to be easily moved in and out between the top of the stove and the bottom of the cut-

ting bench. The dotted lines show where the flue passes from the stove. The flue is made of six-inch tile except

one joint of stove pipe next the stove. This tile is supported by strong gal-vanized wire fastened to the wall at

one end, and to the rail on the flower bench at the other end. The joints of tile are luted together with wet clay.

which makes it easy to take them down for cleaning out the soot, which must be done about once a month in

winter. The bench indicated by b and

which is always in bloom, and c is

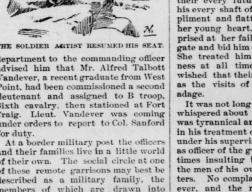
light wanderings—and he did not doubt that at some future day the fair girl would strike her colors and capitulate. seven feet long; all the other rafters are four and one-half feet long. The letter *a* indicates the position of the stove, which is an old-fashioned mod heating creation for which I avid (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NIAGARA'S POWER.

It Is Being Harnessed for Manufacturin

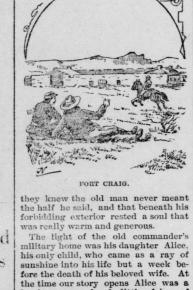
It is Being Harnessed for Manufacturing Purposes. Engineers have estimated that the total water power of Niagara falls is seven million horse power. This esti-mate, to be sure, is in the main only a guess, but when the area drained into the lakes above Lake Ontario and pass-ing through Niagara river be consid-ered, the guess or estimate does not ered, the guess or estimate does not seem to be too large. The water sur-face of the great lakes above Ontario is 84,000 square miles, and the watershed of these lakes is 240,000 square miles— more than twice the area of Great Brit-ain and Ireland. The total length of shore line is 5,000 miles, while the vol-ume of water is 6,000 cubic miles, of which Lake Superior contains almost one-half. The rate of outflow at Buf-falo is from 217,000 to 275,000 cubic feet per second, while the fall of the catar-act is 165 feet. The volume of water in the lakes is such that it has been estimated that even if no rain fell the flow of the river would be continued at its present rate for one hundred years— that is, if the lakes could be gradually

where the carnations are grown for winter blooming. These are very large figures, says Harper's Weekly, but in the main they are the results of exact measurements. The small water powers in the world are uneven, and are affected by floods The fire is allowed to burn its full force only in zero weather, when it must be looked after every four hours. In moderately cold weather it may be are uneven, and are aneeted by house and droughts, but this great power at Niagara is as constant as anything in this world can be, not even the ice in the severest and longest winter ever known appreciably changing it. The present plant is intended only to utilize 125,000 horse power, and the turbines 125,000 horse power, and the turbines 125,000 horse power, and the turbines now in place are only for a small part of this. Other turbine wheels will be put in place as the demand for the power grows The general plan of the company contemplates the ultimate use of 450,000 horse-power on the American side and a like amount in Canada. Such a power would turn all the wheels within a radius of 500 miles of the fulls. At the present time a considerafalls. At the present time a considerable part of the power developed is to be taken to Buffalo by electric transmishouse cost me fifty dollars. With a few cold frames in addition it will, if well managed, turn out \$200 to \$300 taken to Buffalo by electric transmis-sion, and it is the confident expectation of the electricians now at work on the problem that the power can be taken as far east as Albany, 300 miles away, and delivered there cheaper than power can be generated by burning coal. If this be so, then all the country be-tween Albany and the falls will be ad-mirably adapted for manufacturing. worth of plants and cut flowers per year. Still, if the purse will admit, I ad-Still, if the purse will shall, I ad-vise to build it on the level ground and not dig. Use two thicknesses of boards and put tarred paper between them, as the building will then last much longer, will not be so damp in continued wet weather, and will then mirably adapted for manufacturing, continued wet weath, and win then allow cold frames to be placed outside the east wall. My house has a good drain, which is indispensable for a house built below the level of the ground.—Orange Judd Farmer. while the Eric canal will afford cheap and tolerably quick transportation, for there seems to be little difficulty in the way of hauling these boats by electric-



THE SOLDIER ARTIST RESUMED HIS SEAT





the time our story opens Alice was a lovely, sunny-faced little fairy of eighteen, full of life and spirit, as beautiful in her blonde loveliness as the lily bursting from its bud. She was devotedly attached to her stern old father, who, in her society, laid aside his air of military dignity and al-lowed the reflection of his really kind heart to play in gen'al smiles over his soldierly face. He idolized the lovely girl, the last priceless gift from his dy-ing wife, and to contribute to her hap-piness and enjoyment seemed to be the one leading aim of his life. The best

instructors which money could secure had been brought from the far-away east to look after her instruction, and when she reached her eighteenth year her education in all necessary branches was complete, and she possessed as fine accomplishments as she could have seed as fine cured in any academy in the land. Born in a border military fort and reared in the garrisons of the far west, she became imbued with the spirit of adventure incident to frontier life, and was never

so happy as when dashing over the cac-tus studded plain or wooled river bot-tom on her strong-limbed pony or ex-ploring the gulebes and canyons cleft in the breasts of the adjacent moun-

The picture of this young border princess was indelibly stamped upon the hearts of several of the younger officers of the garrison, yet none of them were suitors for her hand. They knew how her father idolized her and held her as a precious jewel set in his erown of life for him alone, and each one felt that it would be almost sacri-lege to attempt to pluck the gem from its parent setting and transfer it to an-. She had, seemingly, no espe cial favorite among the young men of the post. The same sweet smile which would set the heart of a young officer throbbing with delight would illumine her pretty features while bending over the cot of a sick soldier in the hospital, or while thanking the humblest vate who had done her a favor. treated all alike, and came to be looked upon as a treasure which all might ad-mire but none need ever hope to pos-sess—a devoted child whose father so filled every nook of her pure heart that there was no room there for another. One lovely morning in the month of September, 1866, while returning from a gallop down the valley of the Rio Grande, Mias Sanford rode up a guleh onto the mesa about a mile below the fort. As she came out upon the higher ground she observed a young soldier sitting upon a rock near the trail busily

self a clever artist and passionately fond of drawing from nature, and her interest in the soldier was at once aroused. He had not noticed her ap-

Cristobel is the most attractive of all the ranges which surround us." "I experience great pleasure in sketching it," he replied. "This will be my third sketch of the range, and I seem to never tire of tracing its bold outlines and copying its rugged details of rock and pine." Betweing the nicture, with a Returning the picture, with a simple "thank you," she rode home-ward. She allowed her pony to walk slowly along the trail and did not even chide him for stopping occasionally to along, so busy were her thoughts with the humble private soldier whom she had just left. She had seen in the yet crude sketch the work of a master hand, and she wondered why it was that one so gifted should be wearing the uniform and performing the duties of a sold.er. \Box His manner was that of the polished gentleman, his speech re-fined and pleasing, and his general de-meanor was widely different from that of any of the other soldiers with whom she had been brought in contact. What

The handed her the picture, and she sat for some moments closely studying it, occasionally casting her eyes across the intervening desert to the Fra Cris-

"You have chosen a beautiful study," she finally said. "In my eyes the Fra Cristobel is the most attractive of all

could a man of his attainments be doing in the ranks of the army? The question flashed through her brain, but

no reply followed in its wake. A frown swept over her face, but as quickly vanished at a rebuking thought. "O, no, not crime," she mused. "Those clear eyes of his mirrored a clear soul. He must not be classed with those who lurk in the shadow of enlistment to escape the searching eye of justice. There is a romance strewn along his trail of life. There must be. Perhaps it was an affair of the heart. Yes, that must be the correct solution of the queer problem. Some cruel fair one in the far-away east, of which I have read but never

her father's sitting-room and awoke him from the half sleep into which he had fallen in his easy chair by a feathery kiss on the cheek. "Well, Sunshine, did you enjoy your

ride?" he asked, drawing her to a seat on his knee and more forcibly returning her kiss. "O, very much, papa. I rcde clear

down to the Tafoya ranch six miles below, and on my way back I found such a curiosity.

'You are eternally picking up curios. What was it this time? A moss agate. a new species of cactus, a rare flower that you never happened to come onto e, or a magnificently large horned toad? "O, no, papa, none of those. I could

"O, no, papa, none of those. I could never place this one with my collection. It is not of the geological, floral nor reptile species, papa; but a living, mov-ing, breathing-human being." "A Mexican freak, eh? And what mea it live?"

was it like?" "No, nor was it a Mexican. You are a horribly poor guesser, papa. It was a soldier, a private soldier of the post. I came upon him while he was sketching the Fra Cristobel range, and when I asked if I might look at his sketch I really expected to see nothing but awk-ward, ill-shaped work. You can im-agine my surprise when I observed that he was an artist of no ordinary skill. Oh! there must be such a ro-mance connected with his life. Have you ever discovered men of refined tastes in the ranks, papa, driven there

by romantic causes?" "Yes, the romance of crime. The service and an assumed name have served as a barrier between many a criminal and the outraged laws. Who is this fellow?" "O, I am sure this man is not a crimi-"O, I am sure this man is not a crimi-nal, papa. You would share that be-lief with me were you to see him. I

spoke but a few words with him, and did not ask his name. He wore the

be that of an officer of more or less service in the field, his coming is looked forward to with great pleasure, for in almost, if not quite, every in stance he will be known to some of the officers at the post. In some of the labyrinthine movements of the great labyrinthine movements of the great army machine they have been thrown together at different posts, then sepa-rated by the official order and sent, unmurmuring, to meet the exigencies of the service at widely separated points. When it is announced at a post that Capt. and Mrs. Sinclair are to be stationed there, those who are to be stationed there, those who have never met the expected arrivals are enlightened as to their personal appearance, traits of character and so-cial attainments by those who have been with them at other posts, and the

officer and his lady are received with as warm recognition by those who have never before seen them as by their friends of old. But it is different when the an-

nouncement is made that a newly cre-ated officer will soon knock for admission into the garrison family. He will come as a stranger to all. Those officers who themselves in turn stepped from the door of the academy at West Point into the field of active service as the expected newcomer is about to do, are well aware of the mild form of torture which awaits them. They know that Mr. Graduate will burst east, of which I have read but never seen, has crushed his happiness and he fied to the army ranks hoping to meet death at the hands of an Indian foe-man. How could a girl be so cruel to so handsome a man, and one so intelli-gent and refined?" Thus she mused until she reached her home. Throwing the rein to the orderly in waiting she softly entered her faher's sitting-room and awoke pretty young man as he boasts of his conquests in the rosy field of love. They will smile serenely as his velvety tongue purls on, and the time-dimme canvas of their own memory bright-ens and presents for their edification

the day when they, too, came gliding into the service arena in the same state of innocent insanity. They will not tell him so in words, but will mentally say to him: "A sad case, a very sad case, my dear

boy, but you will get over it. Just a little campaigning, a little of the hard-ship incident to border military life will wear the academy glitter from you, and you will develop in time into a man of more sturdy mold whose aspirations will crave something more substantial than the melody of a softsubstantial than the melody of a soft-ly sung love ditty or the giggling smile of a simpering schoolgirl. Those withered bouquets bearing the distin-guishing names of Rose and Blanche and Agnes and Katie and other fair uniform worshipers now so precious to you, will soon find lodgment in the coal scuttle; those daintily perfumed notes will go upward in the the grate; the off-kissed photos will lie neglected in your trunk in the store-room, and the memory of the dear but-terflies who cared little for you, but who loved to futter around your gray uniform and hurl glances of defiance at pouting rivals, will be but as a hazy dream, which you will not in your ma-turer sense care for memory to produce in too strong coloring. You will not be so fastidious in dressing for the sad-dle and the field as you were in dressing for the ballroom, or to keep an ap-

pointment with the latest 'plump quail' who had fallen a victim to your military air and brass buttons. Enjoy more earnest air of the soldier."

VANDEVER SEEMED TO BE GREATLY SMITTEN.

would have gone to the captain of my troop, but he is absent from post on a hunt, and the officer of whom I would complain is temporarily in command of the troop. I do not think, sir, there is a man in the service who feels more respect for his superior officers than I do, or who is more prompt at recogniz-ing their rank than I when I meet them. Lieut. Vandever came into the quarters an hour ago just as I was leaving the room, and I saluted him as was my duty. A moment later I was standing on the porch just outside the door when he came out, and I assumed the position of a soldier and waited for al power. him to pass. No officer who has been any length of time in the service would

have desired or expected a repetition of my salute, but the licutenant stepped up and shook his fist at me and rough ly said:

" What do you mean, fellow? Do you know who I am? Why do you not tice designed to serve a more telling salute me?' "I tried to explain to him, but he purpose in actual warfare, should the

crossly told me to shut up, and said he would teach me the respect due an officer. He then placed me under arrest. Sir, I served as a private soldier for six years and was never in the guardhouse as a prisoner, and during my fourteen years' service as a non-commissioned years' officer I have never until now been under arrest, and it hurts me, sir. He humbled me before some of the men of my troop, but I don't mind that so much as the disgrace he has fastened

"Is that all that passed between you, sergeant?" "That is all, sir. The lieutenant

used some language that he would be ashamed to use toward a soldier of my service after he has been in the army awhile, but I do not complain of that. I wish the disgrace of arrest wiped from my long record, sir, that is all." "If it will in any manner soothe your wounded feelings, sergeant, I will say to you that I have known you for a service test with modern high-power guns, however-guns weighing twelve tons-has, within \bullet e past ten or twelve years, shown that it took about sixteen tons of projectiles to accomplish the same thing. It is interesting to note from what statistics are available that the interduction of allocal weights into long time and have always regarded you as a model soldier. You can go to your quarters. I will look into the matter."

The sergeant saluted and retired, and an orderly was dispatched to sum-mon Lieut. Vandever to headquarters. the introduction of rifled muskets into the armies has had a somewhat similar The young officer had from his window seen the sergeant leave the office, and said, killed a man by firing at him his own weight in lead bullets, but the instinctively felt that his unwarranted action had been reported to the colo-nel. He entered the commander's modern rifle, in the hands of the aver age soldier, so it has been figured out, does not effect a fatality until it has presence with a timid air, and seated himself in a chair pushed toward him. "Lieutenant, you have placed Sergt. discharged twice the man's weight in lead. Both here, as well as in naval shooting, therefore, there has been Barrett of your troop under arrest." "Yes, sir, for showing me disrespect." shown to be an important demand for greater skill and care. Whether this "In what manner?"

has been met in any measure, future "He failed to salute me when I passed him, and retorted when I reprimanded hostilities only will tell.

"Had he not saluted you in a proper and respectful manner but a moment before?" sport. There is no pleasure like reel-

ing off ten or twenty miles on one's wheel. What a cycler (hic) that man must be! Why, it's (hic) all I expec' to "Yes, sir, but then I was entering the quarters. He did not recognize me when I came out any more than he would have done one of his own comable to do to (hic) reel home two when you reprimanded him?" "In what lenguage did he retort when you reprimanded him?" "He endeavored to excuse himself for blocks t'night!-Judge.

Sincere Admiration

Inductive Reasoning Little Boy-It's wickeder to

your arms than your legs on Sunday. Little Girl-Guess not. Little Boy-Yes, it is. Mamma will -his-his-his breach of military disci-pline. His words were respectful, sir, but the expression on his face was

Good Naws "A look of pain at the unmerited dis-

Many Sorts on Une Tree

POOR MARKSMANSHIP. Firing in Both Army and Navy Less Ac-Firing in Both Army and Navy Less Ac-curate Than Formerly. The training of naval artillerists has, in recent years, been given a good deal of attention, and no end of powder and shot has been expended in target prac-

A writer in Gardening Illustrated suggests the utility of grafting a num-ber of kinds of pears on a single tree for household use. Not may families can consume the produce of a large tree, ripening about the same time, whereas church links of various sorts tree, ripening about the same time, whereas single limbs of various sorts, ripening in succession, would yield, welcome supplies. He suggests (for Evaluate hash and the interval occasion present itself. It would seem, therefore, says Cassier's Magazine, that the floating equipments of naval powers of to-day ought to give good accounts themselves in point of marksmanship if called into action, though it would be presumptuous to undertake to fore-shadow possible results. If, on the other hand, past experience counts for anything, there would seem to have been a notable decline in accuracy in naval gunnery, growing with succes-sive improvements in naval architeo-ture and naval armament. It was esticcasion present itself. It would seem, English use) eight kinds-Jargonelle, ay old smooth-bores were credited with t. killing a man by the discharge of the gun's weight in shot; in other words three tons of thirty-two-pounder shot were required for the purpose. Actual service test with modern high-power guns, however—guns weighing twelve vears, shown th

A singular case of a European turn-A singular case of a European turn-ing fakir, or Hindoo holy man-and that in the most European station in India-was lately brought to light, says the Pall Mall Gazette. At Bishop Cattor school at Sinks there was each of the says the Pall Mall Gazette. At Bishop Cotton school, at Simla, there was once an English boy named Charles de Reus-selte. He got into some boyish scrape, and, to avoid the consequences, ab-sconded. Search proved abortive, and nothing more was heard of the fugi-tive. It appears now that he had wan-dered no farther away than Mount Takkho, inst above. There he had The old-time muskets, it is Takkho, just above. There he had taken refuge with the fakir of a native temple. He became first the holy man's temple. He became first the holy man's acolyte and eventually his successor. His identity with the runaway school-boy was entirely lost, and the sanctity of his life made him an exceedingly in-fluential personage. Meantime, Charles de Reusselte had become entitled to a large fortune, and was being adver-tised and sought for far and wide without success. One day a corre-spondent of the Lucknow Gazette, who chanced to be at Simla, fell in with the fakir, and either discovered his secret or had it communicated to him. But the heir manifested no desire to claim his Inheritance. On the contrary, he assured the correspondent that he Boozley (reading)-It is grand

Little Girl-Guess not assured the correspondent that he Little Boy-Yes, it is. Mamma will let me take walks on Sunday, but she his fathers, nor ever return to civilization. He was quite hanoy where be wet